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SHUT OUT AGAIN! — AND ALL HER OWN DOING, TOO!



MY TARDY INSPIRATION.



THOUGHT to sing, "My Love is like a rose,"
But Daphne was well-read, and might suppose
I'd copied it from Burns, and bid me stick to prose.

I tried a "Dew-drop," "Star," a "Beauteous Morn;" —
No use; they'd not bring fame to me, but scorn,
For all were old before my Love was born.

It came, that thought, too late to use; you see,
I am forbidden by my modesty,
For Daphne now 's the other half of me.

M. Irene Brown.

SUGGESTIVE.

CUSTOMER.—You may send me two of those large signs — "If
You Don't See what You Want Ask for It."

STATIONER.—Yes, sir! Where is your store?

CUSTOMER.—I don't keep a store. I'm a corporation law-
yer and have a good deal of business with aldermen and legislators.

IN CAMPAIGN TIME.

DAILY.—Have you heard that awful scandal about Wilkins?

BAILY.—Bless me! What office was Wilkins running for?

AN HONEST man is the noblest work of God; but many that
pass as such are the products of the penal code.

MONEY TALKS.—Indeed, as a campaign speaker it has no equal.



PROBABLY.

MR. SAPP.—Miss Louise, I dream of you day and night!

MISS SNAP.—That must be the reason you always look so sleepy!

IT PURSUES HIM EVERYWHERE.

PREACHER.—Yes, my brethren, there is a dread tribunal
before which we shall all be called to appear, when all
that we have done amiss will be brought to light.

POLITICIAN (*aside*).—This is terrible! Ye can't
go nowhere, not even to church, without havin' that
infernal Lexow Committee throwed up to you!

HOW IT AFFECTED HER.

FRIEND.—Did you suffer from stage fright when
you made your debut?

ACTRESS.—Terribly! When the curtain rose the
house was almost empty.

GOOD LOGIC.

"Mother," observed young Beacon Bulfinch, a
bright Boston boy of six, "I observe that the pie is
differentiated into five pieces; and yet there are but
four of us at the table. What is the significance of that
fifth piece?"

"That," replied Mrs. Bulfinch, eying her son with
a cool Boston warmth, "is for manners."

"Ah, then," returned the lad, smiling pleasantly,
"as I have often been referred to as manners personi-
fied, I will take the piece."

MONEY MAKES the Horse Show go.

FIRST KNICKERBOCKER.—Did you have any entries at the
horse show?

SECOND KNICKERBOCKER.—Yes; three daughters.

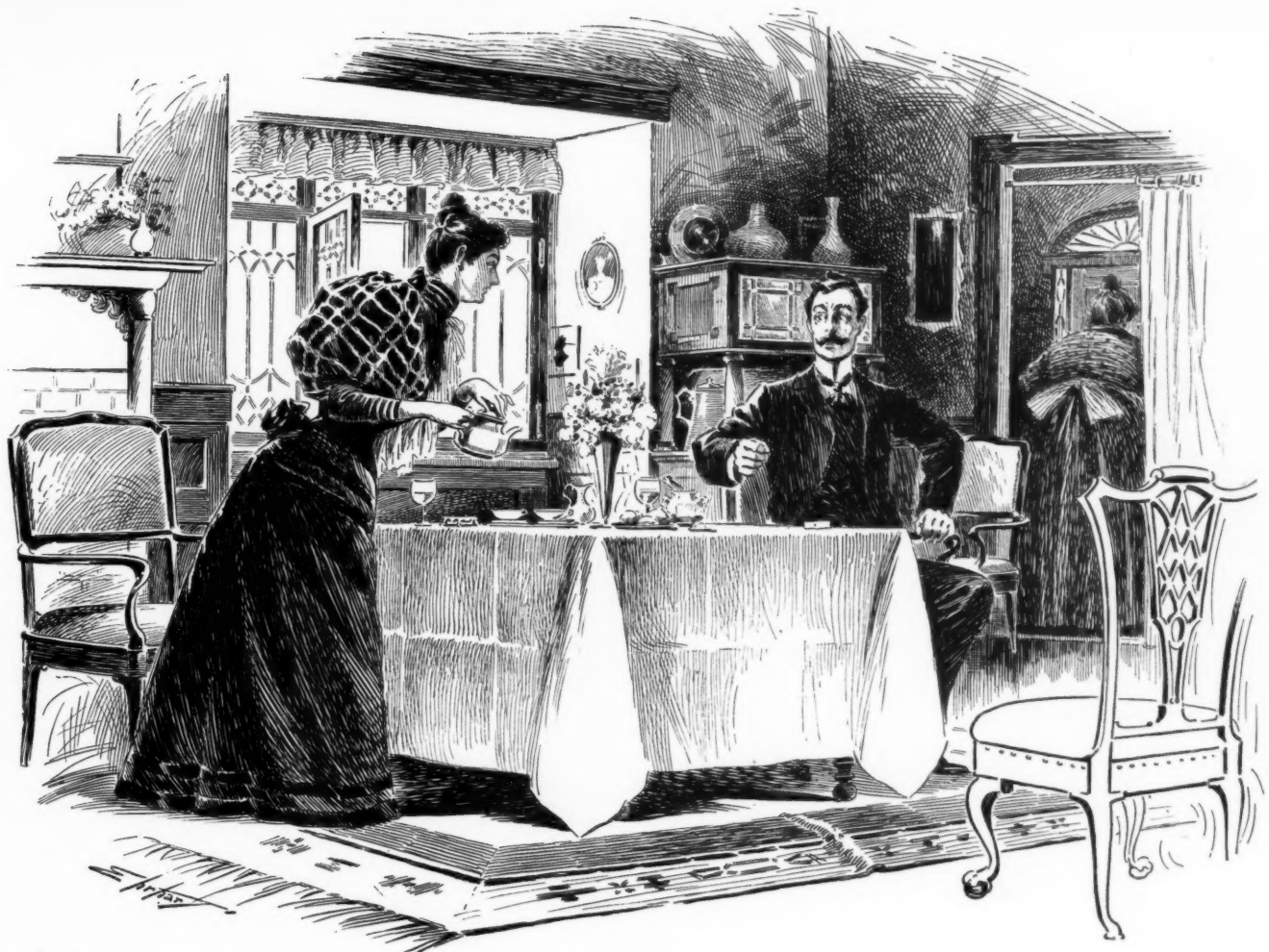


EASILY REMEDIED.

HARDY UPTON.—Say, Mrs. Skinner, it's awful, these cold nights, to lie on
this mattress with only a sheet over one. Can't you arrange it differently?

MRS. SKINNER.—Certainly!—Lie on the sheet and pull the mattress over you.

FOR "CARTOONS AND COMMENTS," SEE SEVENTH PAGE.



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IN LONESOMEHURST.

WAYOUT.—That new servant is a regular fool.

MRS. WAYOUT.—I know it. You see, I wanted some one who would stay in the country.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S RELEASE.

THE DAMP of death had gathered upon the brow of the Indian chief, and the eyes that had flashed in defiance and shone with tenderness were grown dim and glassy. "Approach thy end with gladness," urged the spiritual adviser; "in eternity there will be no burdens for thee."

The dying warrior started.

"Well!" he exclaimed; "I did n't know the old woman was even sick. Going to die too, is she? Did you ever!"

Sinking again to a recumbent position, he breathed his last.

A PASTEL.

See the woman!

Is the woman glaring and frothing at the mouth?

The woman is glaring and frothing at the mouth.

Has the woman a fit?

That is just the question; the dressmaker says she has; she says she has n't.

They are speaking of the matter.

PROPRIETOR OF FLAT.—It seems to me you've burned an awful lot of coal this month.

JANITOR.—Well, there's bound to be some cold weather pretty soon, and we can even up.

ANTICIPATING THE RESULT.

TOM.—We have n't settled about our wedding trip yet. May prefers to go to Europe, but I have always intended to travel in the United States.

JACK.—I see. Well, I'll give you letters of introduction to friends of mine in London!

A SCHEMER.

EATON.—Slicksmith, the new boarder, always refers to the contents of the milk-pitcher as cream.

LANKS.—H'm! Wonder what his little game is?

UNSELFISH.

HE.—I love you.

SHE.—Aunt Hetty says you love yourself better.

HE (*frankly*).—I love us both.

ALICE.—Beauty is but skin deep.

MAUDE (*spitefully*).—Who told you?

THE VIRTUES made of necessity always appear as if the material could n't have been very abundant.

WE ALL believe in letting well enough alone; but we make mistakes as to the right time to do it.

THE MAN next door always has one advantage over me. That's in his neighbors.



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IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.

LIONESS.—Don't you think you'd better get your hair cut, dearest?

LION.—Not for the world, my love! Just because I have been fortunate enough never to get into a scrimmage with a foot-ball player it does not follow that I never shall.

THE WRECK OF THE INTELLIGENCE.*

A SEA-TALE.

(Not having recently seen a Tale of Shipwreck in which love and latitude and longitude, science and sea-biscuit, mutiny and uncharted islands form the delightful topics, I have determined, if only for my own reading, to write such a Tale myself.)



MUST SEND to New York for my secret deposit of £10,000,000." James Livingston, the great banker of London, E. C., sat in the library of his palatial mansion, in consultation with his Private Secretary. The banker's forefingers were placed together in the form of an A, for this is the way of ponderous men while feigning to ponder. The pondering, however, was done by the Secretary, who was a college graduate, and who had already shown talents of the highest order in his interference with his employer's business.

"May I have a few moments?" this dark-eyed scholar now asked.

Ralph Bookcase was evidently embarrassed, and his pale, intellectual face seemed more pale and less intellectual than usual. "Mr. Livin'stun, sir," he now said, "in wishing to ask of you the favor that I wish to ask of you, I have wished to ask this favor as man to man, face to face, and not as one asking a favor. Sir, this is a delicate matter; but I love your daughter; — I do not care for her wealth —"

"Do you not know that she is sole heiress under my will?"

"You can change your will."

"Impossible! It has two unimpeachable witnesses to the fact that it is my last will. Have you spoken to her?"

"No, sir; I thought it more honorable —"

"Good," thought the banker; "she shall leave England on the Python, which sails to day." And, ringing a bell, he ordered passage procured. He then said aloud: "I will think of your request. Remind me of it again if it occurs to you."

Lord Arthur Trelawney, finding the banker engaged, had asked to see Miss Alice. Trelawney was of noble lineage, but unfortunately his ancestors were all blackguards and spendthrifts. His patrimony was dissipated; his debts were enormous. He now looked covetously about the magnificently-furnished drawing-room, which contained an ormulu clock. Livingston was reputed to be the richest man in England; every room in his house was carpeted.

Tall, strong, but graceful, of a fresh tint, Alice Livingston, though full of possibilities of love, was clear-sighted, and intelligence dominated her every act.

"As you know," said Trelawney to her, "I am of noble birth, but my fortunes are at a low ebb; and if your dowry is right —"

"Sir!" said Alice, rising; "my father does the marketing. Adieu!" And she swept from the room.

"My lord," said the banker, when the two were together, "I will not conceal from you that your offer flatters me. You say you are going to America. I have a commission for you." And after a whispered explanation, the banker gave Trelawney an order on the secret depository in New York for ten million pounds sterling.

It was 3 P. M., and the tide-water train would leave at 4. Ralph Bookcase drove to the bank in Threadneedle Street, and demanded to be closeted with the banker.

"You have given an order for the Ten Million to Trelawney," said Ralph; "it will be embezzled."

"It is false!" cried the banker.

"It is true!" said Ralph, flushing; "I overheard him in a private room at the Dairy Lunch expose his plans. Knowing that the secret depository in New York can not be reached by mail or cable, I come prepared to cross, myself." A moment later, Ralph's cab drove madly to Great Paddington Station.

It would have done any sailor's heart good to cast his weather eye over the Python, 600 tons burthen,

68 guns. Her sticks were stepped into her by a professional pedestrian, and her lines swept aft as clean as a lad's face fresh-swabbed for a wealthy grandsire to kiss. She was clipper built, and it was claimed that if she was ever put on a ship-railroad she would make some tall speed.

Alice and Trelawney were already aboard when Capt. Critchlow ran down the gang-plank; and, assuming command, sang out: "ALL ABOARD FOR THE WEST INDIES, RONDOUT, RHINEBECK AND WAY PORTS! ALL ABOARD! At the last moment appeared Ralph Bookcase.

With a fair wind and a flowing sea the Python crossed the Line; and, letting go her halliards, stood off for New York. Ralph had not pressed

his attentions upon Alice. Sometimes, as she walked the deck with Trelawney, she looked at him with her clear, level eyes.

And now there was a rumor of coming mutiny. One day Capt. Critchlow piped all hands on deck and broke the two mates. "I now," he said, looking steadily at the men, "appoint Thomas —"

"Not so fast," growled a sailor named Black Savage; "here's a sailor lad 't I've knowed, man and boy, since afore the mast. What do you nomigate him? He allus hez be'n mate, and on ary right managed bottom he allus will be mate!"

"Well," said Capt. Critchlow, "if he always will be mate, I'll nominate him stale-mate, I guess. Let him be so rated."

The crew was in no mood for this biting sarcasm, and a fearful struggle ensued. Ralph Bookcase, offering himself to certain death six times, escaped every time, thus showing that it is indeed better to be born lucky than rich. At last Ralph knocked out Black Savage with a fine upper-cut, and the surviving mutineers were put-in-irons-and-clapped-under-hatches.

It was a fine morning after a smart gale, and the sea was still running in long Vienna rolls, when the Look-out in the forward chains sang out, "Pirates ahoy!" "Where away?" shouted the Captain. "Off the port quarter." "Where's that?" shouted the Captain; and taking the glass from his eye he managed to make out a small black speck, only a trifle bigger than no speck at all, in the lee offing. The Captain's orders now came clear and steady: "Pipe off all hands! Steady, steady it is! Shake 'em out there lively! *Dos à dos!* Right hand salute! Front!" The pirate was now plainly to be seen beating down rapidly to windward, while the Python, though making terrific speed, was yawing frightfully and jibbing at every jump. "Luff her, you lubber, luff her!" shouted Captain Critchlow. "It would

swamp her," replied the helmsman. "Then don't luff her," said the Captain. In the meantime the pirate was gaining rapidly, and she now came tacking down the carpet of green wave like an upholsterer, while a shot from her lee port ricocheted over the waters and sunk within a fathom of the Python's wheel. The Python was now, indeed, engaged in a running sea-fight — long-Tom — bow-chasers — broadsides — grappling-irons — cutlasses — scimeters — half-naked pirates — gore in lee scuppers — gigantic Moor aims blow at Captain — parried by Bookcase — aims irresistible blow of his yahtaghan at Bookcase — does no harm. Pirates put to flight.

The Captain now laid the Python's head N. N. E., making for Barbadoes. It came on to blow and blew a gale o' wind. Run for it — shorten sail — hurricane — Alice calm — walks deck with Trelawney, who is pale — Ralph fearless — keel most of the time in the air — ship vast seas — nobody but Ralph can walk deck — monsoon — three men washed overboard (men you never heard of, no harm done) in trough of sea — hopeless case — presently comes out all right — sun shines — sea subsides — nevertheless Captain finds that the Python has sprung a-leak and is foundering! He sends the passengers below.

For half an hour the passengers remained in the salon, happy and unconscious of danger, when a dreadful suspicion entered Ralph's mind. He rushed on deck. The Captain and crew were lowering the boats and getting away. Ralph's fears were verified.

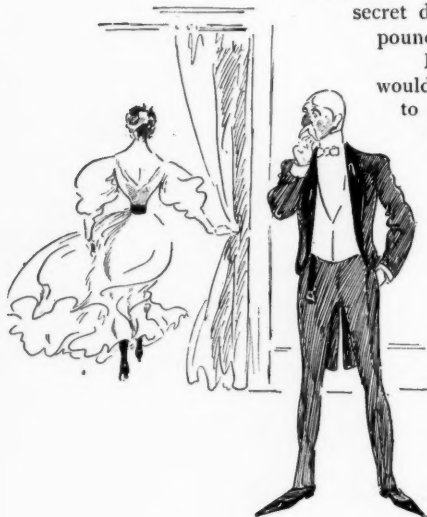
"And will you desert the helpless passengers?" he cried to the recreant Captain.

"You probably expect to see me put the passengers in the boats and go down myself with the ship, sending my compliments to the owners," said the Captain; "but, no. Lower away those canned goods! Lend a hand there, my hearties, at the wine-casks!"

But if this Captain was a man of strong and original thought, Ralph Bookcase was a man of business ability. "A word from me," said Ralph, "will bring one hundred violent passengers on deck. I do not object to your villainous conduct, but are friends and self in this."

Naturally Ralph was given a boat, and going below, he returned with

(Concluded on page 202, this number.)



COMPARATIVE VALUES.



MR. STOCKDALE (*to chief clerk*).—What! Only made five thousand dollars out of the P. D. and Q. deal? Confound it! I'll never bother my head about that measly stock again.



MR. STOCKDALE (*putting on his last Winter's suit*).—Clara! Clara! Look! A dollar I found in this vest-pocket that I never knew was there!

BASE INJUSTICE.

"It's purty tough on an old sodger when both de blue an' de gray are down on him at once," protested McGuzzle, as he was lugged off between a Park policeman and a regular "cop."

A SOCIAL SUCCESS.

CARPER.—My dear fellow, I am surprised that a man of your taste has one of those automatic self-playing pianos in his parlor.
UPPERTON.—Greatest thing in the world, my boy!—starts to play, puts people at their ease, everybody talks, and no piano player to be insulted by the inattention.

TRICKS OF TRADE.

FRIEND.—Why did your temperance society discharge the Terrible Example?
REV. MR. COLDWATER.—He was continually referring to the seductions of a particular brand of beer to which he attributed his ruin; and we found that he was being paid to advertise it.

AN EXCITING EVENT.

PRIMUS.—That rich old maid is a philanthropist.
SECUNDUS.—What is her work?
PRIMUS.—To elevate the young men at our colleges.
SECUNDUS.—What is she so excited about now?
PRIMUS.—She's trying to get up a match game of croquet between Harvard and Yale next Thanksgiving Day.

BAD TEMPER is like the hub of a teamster's cart-wheel. It is always sticking out where collision will provoke disgraceful words and blows.

ALWAYS PUT OFF TILL THE LAST MOMENT
—The Striking of the Hour.

BEAR'S MEAT—The Lamb who is Sure of a Rising Market.

THE DOGFISH must have been the original "ocean greyhound."

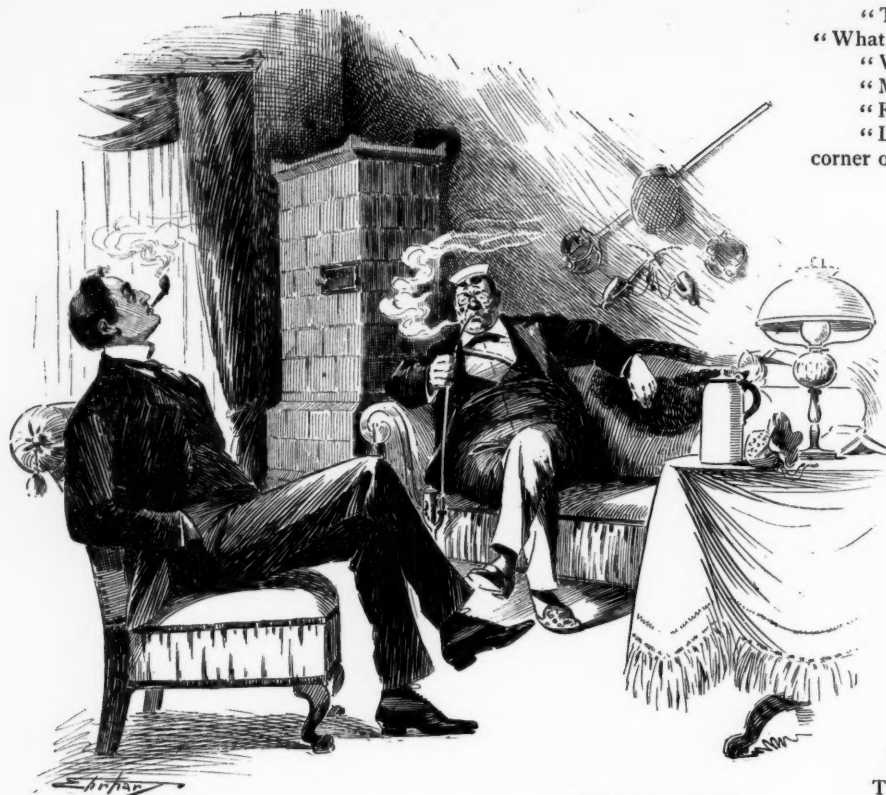
THE PUBLIC servant may be a man of the people, but he is n't their valet.



WHAT'S THE DOG'S OPINION?

CHOLLY CHUMPLEIGH.—Do you know, Miss Coldeal, from the way my dog looks at me, sometimes, I'm positive he thinks.
MISS COLDEAL.—Very likely, Mr. Chumpleigh. But I wonder what he thinks!

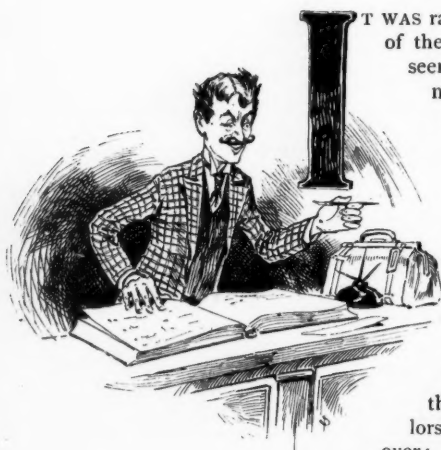




WHERE THEY DRAW THE LINE.

AMERICAN STUDENT.—You don't have foot-ball in Germany?
 GERMAN STUDENT.—No; the professors draw the line at dueling.

HE KNEW HIS LUCK.



IT WAS rather a pretentious hotel for the size of the place in which it was located, and seemed to be excellent in all its appointments. As the travel-stained man moved toward the desk he glanced around the office and shook his head gloomily.
 "Room?" asked the clerk after he had registered.
 He made another critical survey of the office, and then said:
 "Can't tell just yet. I'll let you know after dinner."
 Then he strolled into the reading-room and took a look about him there; went to the parlors and looked them over; and finally went into the dining-room. After dinner

he went back to the office and asked if there was a telegram for him.

"Have n't received any," said the clerk. "Shall I assign you a room now, sir?"

"No; it's no use," replied the stranger. "Just let me know as soon as any telegram comes, please."

"Expecting an important message?" asked the clerk.

"Well, I was n't expecting any until I looked the house over," returned the stranger, with a sigh. "Fine hotel you have here."

"We try to have everything first-class, sir."

"Best I ever saw for the size of the town. That's why I won't be here to-night. I'll get instructions from the office that will land me in some other town before night. Always do when I strike a place with a good hotel. Just my luck, you know."

About an hour later, when he entered the office again, the clerk handed him a telegram.

"I knew it," he said, as he looked at the envelope before opening it. "Is there a place near here where they have a measly little hotel with a dingy office lighted by one oil lamp, a dining-room with windows overlooking the rear doors of a livery stable, and dark, damp, little two-by-four bedrooms?"

"Well, the hotel at Millsville is something like that."

"That's where I'll be to-night," he said as he opened the telegram.
 "What time does the first train leave?" he asked after he had read it.
 "Where to?"
 "Millsville."
 "Four o'clock."
 "Let me know when the 'bus starts for it." And he sat down in a corner of the office and looked as if he had lost his last friend.

Elliott Flower.

VARYING RESULTS.

TOMMY.—Does God make everybody, Mama?

MAMA.—Yes.

TOMMY.—Does He have a pattern?

MAMA.—Yes; the Bible says we are made like Himself.

TOMMY.—Humph! I guess He must follow that pattern by His eye.

A SEQUENCE.

"How intelligent Melissa is!"

"Yes; she is homely, is n't she?"

BLESSED IMMUNITY.

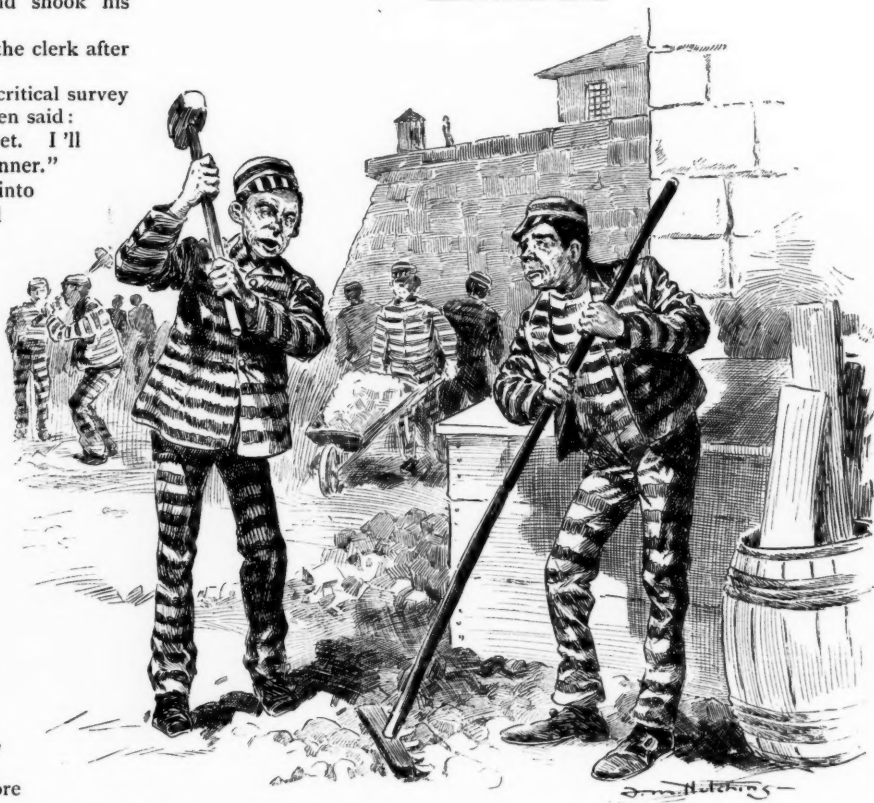
The Sun ought really to offer
 To Fashion, of thanks a vote,
 Since by her decree
 He may never see
 A man in a spike-tail coat.



"DRESSED IN A LITTLE
 BRIEF AUTHORITY."

"MRS. DASHOP is certainly a woman with a history."
 "And it seems to be of the sort that repeats itself."

PRUYN.—Then you do not approve of the Universalist doctrine?
 MRS. DE PISCOPAL.—Oh, I have nothing to say of their orthodoxy; but I'm sure they're not sufficiently exclusive!



A BROKEN PLEDGE.

FIRST CONVICT.—De Governor ain't keepin' de promise he made before election.
 SECOND CONVICT.—Which promise?
 FIRST CONVICT.—Why, to turn de rascals out!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ABOUT MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

BEFORE THE last echos of Tuesday's great battle die away, we wish to say a few more words to the Democrats and other good citizens of New York on the subject of municipal government. And the same words will apply with the same fitness to the citizens of Boston or Philadelphia or Hayville, Iowa. New York City has for years been in the hands of a band of political freebooters, who have been able to rob it and to grow rich from it. The gang was small in number, and of course an insignificant minority of the city's voters. At all times, as always in all communities, a considerable majority of the people has been in favor of decent, economical government. Further, this majority in every municipal campaign has by word of mouth specifically condemned the machine that ruled the city. But when it came to a vote this decent majority split on a rock called "Party," and the power it might have wielded spent itself without effect. The voters who honestly wanted honest government turned to and fought among themselves tooth and nail, and the machine remained unharmed. And that is exactly what the machine leaders have always desired and counted upon. Nothing short of a series of moral earthquakes, such as New York has lately suffered, would have aroused a majority of the people to united action against the machine. For once, voters of opposing political faiths were driven to accept a common shelter as a matter of self-defense. Yet, even in this last campaign, when the worst that had ever been suspected of the machine was shown to be not half the truth, there were not wanting reputable and presumably upright men to insist that the machine should be supported because it represented the Democratic party—as if, when it is a question of nailing thieves and blackmailers, their political convictions should be considered. A school-boy of ordinary intelligence, whose mind has not been obscured by "practical politics," would know better. The result of Tuesday's election is a cheering indication that a lot of grown men have learned the lesson. It is a simple one, and can be put in a few words: In a municipal election a candidate's views upon national issues are of no more importance than his views upon evolution, theosophy or tiddledewinks. Popular disregard for this truth is responsible for the system under which New York has been governed—and plundered. Only its continuous assertion and application will give the city good government.

Of the Democrats who voted for a Republican candidate for Mayor on November 6th it is likely that a considerable proportion did so with a hazy notion that they were voting against Democratic principles and betraying their party. They could give no reason for thus thinking, other than the bare fact that they were casting their votes for a man who believes, perhaps, in the doctrines of William McKinley; although they will admit, too, that the Mayor of New York City has nothing to do with shaping the tariff policy of the United States. For their own sakes and for the sake of the city we want these Democrats to get into their minds the fact that blackmailing and the kindred arts, upon which the New York machine has been built up, are no more Democratic than they are Republican. If this truth is not already clear in their minds, we invite their attention to what Tammany has to say on the subject. Of course, this utterance of Tammany is inconsistent—it is the vital inconsistency of the Tammany argument—and it ought to open the eyes of those Democrats who may rally to Tammany's support at the next election because that organization puts "Democratic" on its banners. "A vote against Tammany," say the leaders of that band of criminals, "is a vote against the Democratic party. Tammany is the bulwark of Democracy in New York. It is Democratic to the core." That sounds well, does n't it? It is a stirring appeal to patriotic, party feeling. Yet here is the way these same past-masters in the art of blackmail talk when the timid citizen ventures to remind them of the rottenness that honeycombs their institution: "Blackmail, and worse in every department of the city government? Certainly there is; we admit it. But it is all due to the wicked Republicans who have invaded our ranks. The Tammany administration is not Democratic—it is bi-partisan. Look at our present bi-partisan police board; and remember, too, how few of the police commissioners in the past have been Tammany Democrats." There is the gist of the matter in an uncommonly small nut-shell. The Tammany leaders tell the truth when they allege that the blame for Tammany

abuses must be borne in common by its Republican and Democratic supporters. They furnish out of their own mouths ample excuse for all honest Democrats to vote against their organization.

We have said, once before, that a defeat of Tammany and the State Machine this Fall would be a great moral victory for the Democratic party in New York. The time has come when the Democracy of New York must either defend or fight an organization that has been falsely sailing under Democratic colors—when it wanted votes—and alleging its Republicanism when it tried to account for its own crimes. The party can not hope to win votes in New York until it has won back some degree of the popular confidence by cleaning its skirts of the Tammany mire. If the issue—between honest and dishonest government—is as clearly defined in future elections as it was in the last, we have no fear of the results. And when the Democratic party has thrown off the burden that Tammany has put upon it, we shall be glad to support a Democratic candidate for Mayor of New York—providing he promises more convincingly than his Republican opponent an honest and economical government. But, if he does not promise this, then he shall not have our support, no matter how sound his views on tariff reform may be, and even though we must support an honest Republican who believes in the highest kind of protection.

PROGRESS OF REFORM.

WILKINS.—Why did you work so hard against Peterkin's nomination? He's a near relative of yours.

BILKINS.—Yes; that's why I objected to him.

"Humph! I don't understand."

"You don't? Why, the confounded papers are always making such a row about nepotism that if he had got the office he would n't have dared to appoint me to anything!"

IN DANGER.

Oh! may angels vigils o'er her keep,
With their guarding wings outspread
Protecting from danger my darling's sleep—
She sleeps in a folding bed.

R. L. M.



THE LIMIT.

BOB.—Now, in the first race I'm going to put five dollars on Mudsticker; in the second race I'll play Notinit for five more; I'll place five on Balkier in the third, and put five more on Dustaker in the fourth.

TOM.—But there are six races. Are n't you going to play the other two?

BOB.—Heavens, man! How can I? I've only got twenty dollars!



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NOW LET THE LION BEWARE!

Halley and Webster
J. Ottumwa Lith. Co. New Building, N.Y.

PUCK.



Alice, her maid Fimson, and the Rev. Smallcoals. Alice brought Smallcoals. Ralph would have brought a bag of dried apples. Women are strange creatures.

Scarcely were the boats all provisioned and lowered when at the forepeak appeared Trelawney. Naturally of a suspicious disposition, he had doubted the good faith of those who were deserting him. "Five thousand pounds," he shouted, "to be landed in New York!"

Captain Critchlow accepted the fare. Trelawney observed Alice in the boat with Ralph. "Twenty-five hundred pounds," he said, "to take her." What Alice would have done can not be known, for Critchlow refused the offer.

Night came on, and the boats fell apart. Ralph put Alice in the stern sheets, and the others in the best place to trim boat. He himself took the tiller, and moving back and forth, like a figure on a hot-air pipe, coached the crew in the proper Oxford stroke of 38. In the teeth of the wind, the little boat now bore away to the nearest land, one thousand miles to leeward.

In order to harass the reader, the boat carrying Trelawney is picked up by a staunch liner. Evidently he will beat Ralph to New York. Oh, I hope he won't!

But probably he will; for in the meantime Ralph's boat was struggling with baffling head-winds. He and the others of his hapless party passed the first day—the second day—the third day, which grew long—they dragged out the fourth day. The long roll of the sea worked upon them like a spell. The immense round dome of heaven, always the same, seemed like a prison. The provisions ran low. One man killed himself. (Indeed, the supernumeraries in this tale have their days numbered.) The crew began to wear black looks. A sudden attack, and two sailors are killed. Ralph is the victor. Half famished the party struggles on. Ralph rows, while Alice with magnificent courage holds the tiller, and the boat executes a grape-vine twist. Ralph is now using all known science. He catches dew in a sail. The celestial bodies becoming obscured, and there being no longer any means of taking the usual observation, Ralph takes out a policeman's star and observes that.

"How do you work out the position from the stars?" asked Alice, admiring him almost as keenly as if she saw him in the act of giving a coaching-party.

"I once memorized the Nautical Almanac and Astronomical Ephemeris," said Ralph, simply; "but I might have used the differential and In-TEE-gral Calculus."

There now arose an awful storm. The last sailor is lost overboard—a mighty billow engulfs the boat, and it is hurled high on an unknown shore.

Usual life on desert island. Ralph builds hut for Alice.... tames wild beasts.... plants rice.... constructs water-wheels.... makes gunpowder, soap, cloth.... keeps journal.... finds gold-mine and pearl bank. Sail in offing.... terrible suspense while Ralph invents a superior signal. Rescued!

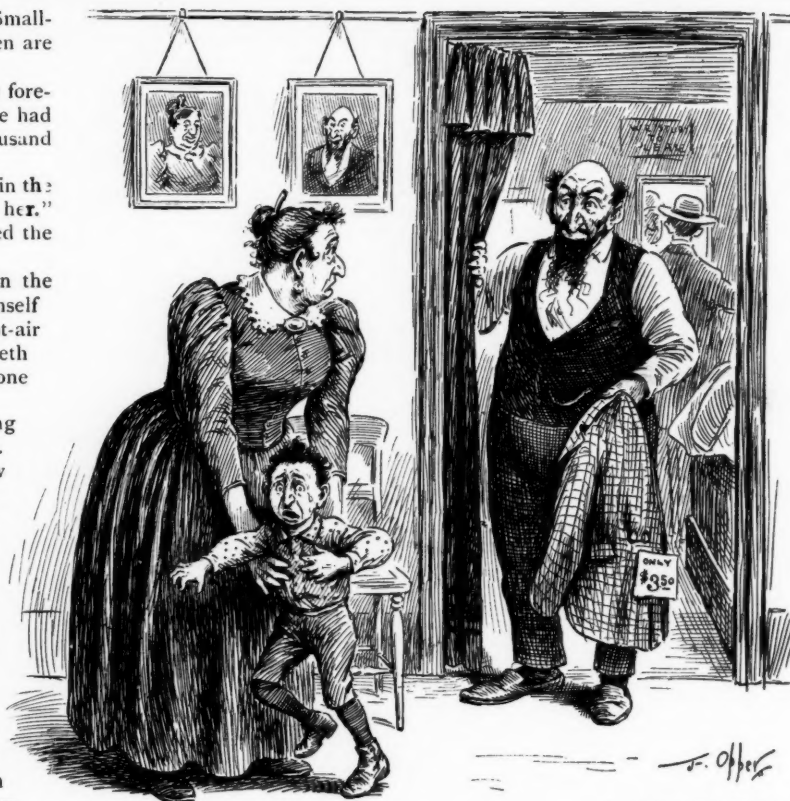
The ship on which they found themselves was the H. R. M. Gander. "Too late!" groaned Ralph; "to foil Trelawney."

On the following morning at six bells, the Gander sighted a derelict; and, running near, lay by while a party went aboard to examine the deserted ship, and then to burn her. Ralph walked about full of profound but lengthy thoughts. He was still below when the examining party had regained the upper deck. The cuddy door stood open; he looked in. In an obscure corner he saw the emaciated figure of a man, who tried to struggle to his feet. Evidently he had heard the ship's party, but had been too weak to gain their attention. Ralph looked at him but an instant, and then rushed at him like a crazy man, seizing him by the throat.

"Have you been in New York yet?"

The wasted figure shook its head.

Ralph dropped his hand and drew a long breath. "Ah!" The ten million might yet be the banker's—that is, Alice's—that is, his own. With this sum he could work his gold mine and have money left. Why not leave this wretch to his fate? No one would be the wiser. In a moment the ship would be fired. "All off!" shouted an officer above. Ralph picked up his companion and carried him up the companion-way.



EASILY FIXED.

MRS. COHEN.—Help! Help!—Moritz has swallowed a silver kervarter!

MR. COHEN.—Never mind! I haf a gustomer here,—I vill charge him dree sefenty-five fer dis goat!

Before the Gander reached New York, Trelawney had regained his strength. Ralph came upon him one day as his lordship was practicing a bad, swift wink. "A word," said Ralph; "I understand your purpose in New York. Let us proceed fairly; there are two modes of locomotion by which one may reach the secret depositary. Street cars and cabs. Choose."

"Cabs!" said Trelawney, scornfully.

Fairly the contestants made the start, but the cars won; for most of the way there were no cars, and Ralph could walk.

Ralph and Alice, with Fimson, now set out for England. On the return voyage there were no storms, no pirates, no mutineers. There were also no derelicts. The rule of literature is: one derelict to a sea-tale. Soon after the arrival on Albion's shore, there was a great wedding at St. James's, and among the magnificent gifts was one of Ten Million Sterling (flat) from the bride's father.

CONCLUSION.

Ralph and Alice often talk of old times.

"How strange it seems!" said Alice once; "after owning a gold mine and a pearl bank and Ten Million Sterling, to find ourselves living in a flat, and trying to save up \$15.98 to buy 'this fine, hard-wood sideboard!'"

"Yes," said Ralph; "yet what a life we lived while we were in the novel! But did you ever reflect that during all our perilous and astonishing adventures, Fimson never opened her head?"

"Yes," said Alice; "I noticed that. I don't think the novelist threw much of an air of reality about Fimson."

Williston Fish.

WORST KIND OF DESERTION.

APPLICANT.—I want a divorce on the grounds of desertion.

LAWYER.—But, if I remember rightly, your husband is in the army, and you were only too glad that he was kept from you.

APPLICANT.—Yes; but he has deserted the army and come back.





THE PINNACLE OF FAME.

FATHER (*visiting his son at college*).—Your college mates appear to be very enthusiastic over the young man they have on their shoulders. He has taken exceptional honors in his studies, I suppose?

SON.—Studies nothing! He has invented a new college cry!

AN AUTUMNAL GURGLE.

NO RAY of dancing sunshine smiles
Upon the sullen river,
The clouds are stacked in purple piles
And all the grasses shiver.
From Jericho to Syracuse
The bumble 's ceased from bumbling,
But what 's the use, Oh! what 's the use
Of grumbling?

Why should I sigh for birds and buds,
And all my visions splinter,
When I possess the blooming duds
To keep me warm this Winter?

The farmers caper round and shout
While yanking in their squashes,
So I 'll cavort, or dream about
Goloshes!

Why should I dream of Winter slush
And winds that roar and bellow?
Although the rose has ceased to blush,
The porker 's fat and mellow.
I 'll frolic as the squirrels do—
Ecstatic little friskers—
While the crisp wind is blowing through
My whiskers.

I sing and dance, though Autumn grieves,
Amid the fading bowers,
And from the branches drop the leaves
In brilliant golden showers.
I 'll light my pipe and make, alas!
Yon turkey longer, wider,
Viewed through a rare tip-tilted glass
Of cider.

R. K. Munkittrick.

TAKING CHANCES.

BROWN.—Hear about that burglary in Smith's? They must have been a desperate set of fellows.

MRS. BROWN.—What did they do?

BROWN.—Made their way into the kitchen and ate some of Miss Smith's home-made cake.

A MAN MAY be beside himself, and yet have no idea how ridiculous he looks.

A BLANKET MORTGAGE furnishes but a poor house-warming.

HIS POTENT VIRTUE.

"Why does she consider her husband a model? He smokes and is fond of liquor?"

"Yes."

"Plays poker and scolds?"

"So they say."

"Never gets home until one?"

"Yes; but —"

"But what?"

"He never gets a spot on the table-cloth when he carves."

SHE FIXED IT.

"Did he steal a kiss from you?"

"Oh, no! A fair exchange is no robbery."

THOUGHT SHE WAS ILL.

SHE.—Now, I give you fair notice, I don't feel like quarreling this morning.

HE.—Don't worry, dear; you 'll be yourself again before noon.

LOOKING FORWARD.

"I wish I did n't have such a name," said little Wilkinson Peterby Rooterturn, discontentedly.

"Why?" asked Tommy Atkins.

"Because it 'll be so hard to say when I run for President. People will start to yell 'Hooray for' — and that 's as far as they 'll get!"

THE OKLAHOMA WAY.

MISS EAST (*touring the Occident*).—And is it true that you Western girls go everywhere without a chaperon?

MISS LILLIE BITTERS (*an Oklahoma belle*).—Oh, yes! You see, a bowie-knife is less trouble than a chaperon and a heap more reliable.

MAN BECOMES what he eats; woman becomes what she dresses.



PROGRESSIVE.

MOTHER.—Don't you think Mary is making wonderful progress in her singing?

FATHER.—You bet she is! Why, when she first commenced, only the neighbors on each side of us complained; and now, from one end of the street to the other, they are kicking!

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"There's no help for it," said the pugilist, wearily; "I've gotter go an' git shaved."

"There ain't anything terrible in that, is there?"

"I should say there is. Just think of that feller standing over me with a razor an' doin' all the talkin'!"—*Washington Star.*

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S. S. TEACHER. — What is faith?
BRIGHT BOY. — Takin' an umbrella to church w'en th' preacher is goin' to pray for rain.
—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

ACCORDING to the obituary notices, the bad and useless citizens never die.
—*Atchison Globe.*

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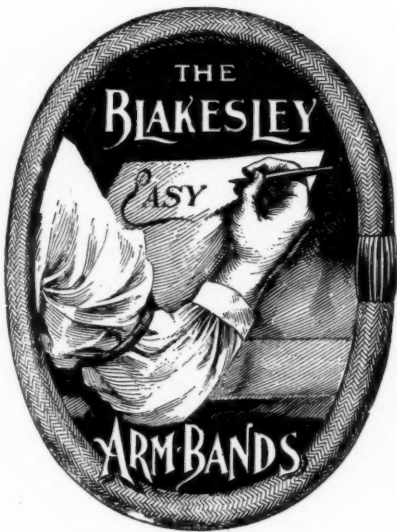
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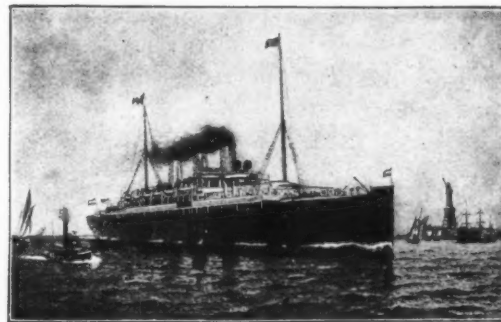


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PROOF.

"Ha! ha!" shouted the enthusiastic scientist: I have discovered one thing in which the Chinese did not anticipate us.

"What is that?" "Foot-ball. I can prove it by the way they wear their hair." —*Washington Star.*

We confess to an inability to properly sympathize with a man who is trying to reform the world when he owes us for last year's subscription. —*Iowa Gazette.*

HALF the women who can't cook, board; and the other half keep boarders. —*Atchison Globe.*

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A WISE CHILD. LITTLE BOY.—Got the earache? LITTLE GIRL.—No. "Then why you got all that cotton in your ears?" "I've been helpin' tend the baby." —*Street & Smith's Good News.*

IN CASH. "I want to see the man who accepted my poem."

"He's out." "He is?" "Yes; ten dollars!" —*Atlanta Constitution.*

EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE.

"Do poets wear long hair?" "Not all of them. Some of them are married." —*Yonkers Statesman.*

DANGERS OF BREWERY.

MRS. YEARWED.—I—I wish to look at some babies' shoes. CLERK.—White kid? MRS. YEARWED.—Sir! —*N. Y. Weekly.*

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ARBITRATION DEFINED. TEACHER.—Bobby Sniffles, can you tell me what arbitration is? BOBBY.—Yessum; it's—it's what workin'men wants when they ain't got no show of winnin' a strike. —*Boston News.*

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CONDUCTOR.—Did you give the porter your baggage?

PASSENGER.—Jerusalem! Do you want me to give him my baggage, too? —*Atlanta Constitution.*

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"My wife is a terror," said Simpkins. "Why?" asked a friend. "Does she keep you on the go?" "No," he replied, sadly; "she blows me up and then calls me down." —*Adams Freeman.*

THE LANDLADY'S TIP.

NEW BOARDER (complainingly).—I can't eat this steak, Madam.

MRS. SLIMDIET (accommodatingly).—You'll find an excellent dentist right opposite. —*N. Y. Weekly.*

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We have an idea that among other questions, St. Peter will ask the men if they ever said, "Please," or "Thank you," to their wives. —*Atchison Globe.*

THE race question with the Japanese and Chinese seems to be a matter of speed. —*Adams Freeman.*

"How did you manage to get rid of Mr. Latestay last night?" "Why, he said that everything I said went, so I just murmured his name." —*Yale Record.*

GOLF is a good deal like sausage; it is made up of links. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

A COLD in the head is not so bad as one in the pancakes. —*West Union Gazette.*

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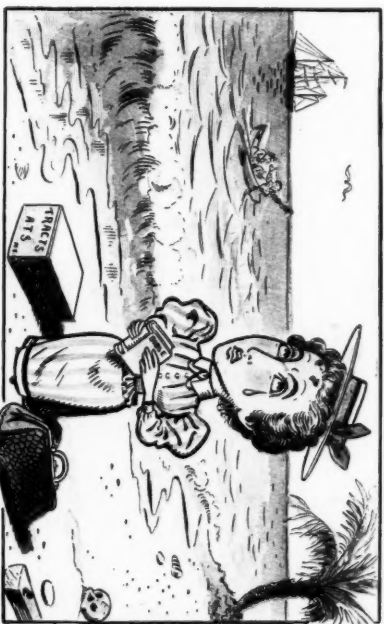
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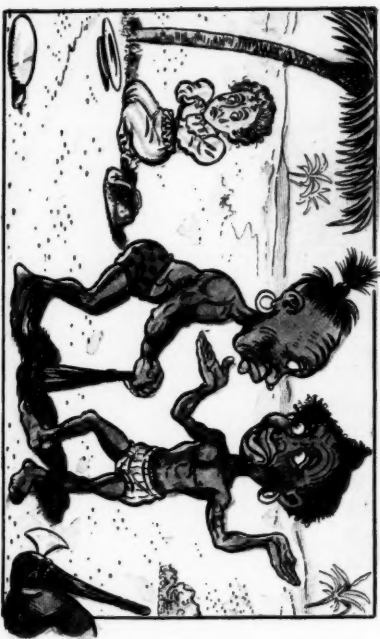
Deborah had no fortune; her face was slightly plain; She had tried to get a husband, but, like others, tried in vain.



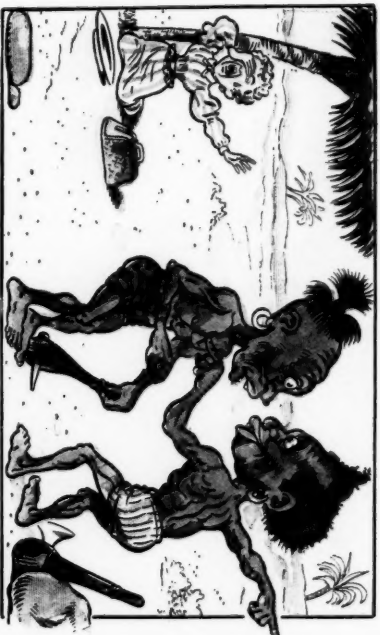
So, at last, her fate accepting, she to church-work gave her time, And she voyaged on a "Mission" to a far-off Afric clime.



But ere she could teach the heathen to live the better way, Two of them abducted her and with her fled away.



Quoth one savage to the other: "She can't be the wife of both; She must be mine and mine alone!" — he swore a savage oath.



"So, come, be generous, old chap, and give her up to me; I'll ransom her with gems and gold I'll go to get for thee!"



But when back with the loot he comes, he stands transixed in wrath To see his friend his arm around that missionary's hilt.



With a cry of rage, he dropped the wealth, and at the wretch he flew. The other, nothing loth was he; he grabbed his club up, too.



They fought so long, their end was like the Irish cats of yore. Deborah gathered up the wealth and made straight for the shore.



She took a ship, arrived safe home with all her princely hoard; She built a palace in the town and bought an English lord.

DEBORAH DOBBINS'S MISSION; OR, THE ROMANCE OF A POOR, YOUNG GIRL.

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